



The Political Dance,

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I HAD knock'd my last pips out and stept into bed
It was twelve or at least pasty mar.
When the strangest conceits found their way to my head
And Fancy began her career.
My mind all the day had been thinking of France,
Her fleets and her armies on shore,
So I dream'd that all nations stood up for a Dance,
Such a dance as was ne'er seen before,
Sardinia, Germany, Prussia, and Spain,
Where the foremost who jigg'd it away,
Then England stood up--bid' me play a bold strain,
And with Holland they all danc'd the hey,
Thus join'd hand in hand, they all danc'd in a ring,
France caper'd and kick'd in the middle,
But so quick are the tunes that they snap every string,
And break down the bridge of the fiddle,
Tho' the figure was chang'd they still flourish'd their
I ne'er saw such work at a ball,
France took out her snuff box and turn'd up her nose
Saying,—'Here's face to face with you all.
Then she jumpt, and footed, and frisk'd it to the Nile
She then danc'd her best I must own.
All the company said she advanc'd in good style,
But again she flew back to Toulon,
Such dancing must poor mortals to Desth,
I remark'd how each strov'd for renown,
But Holland declar'd she was quite out of breath,
And without asking leave he set down,
Poor Prussia, fatigu'd was the next to giv's in,
The proposal to finis'h the rout,
But Spain starting back said, "if Prussia gives in,
I'm sure it is time to give out,
I dream'd that there must be an end to the fun,
And that no other far woud be thawn,
For at length all other dancers fell off one by one,
And left England and France all alone,
But again they went to it, each cry'd play away,
Come, fidd'r, strike up to some tune,
And England's first step was to Vigo, and gay,
That I thought she would leap over the moon,
Then see'd she'd to the Nile but in Egypt good luck,
My dream was put into a hurry,
France made a false step, and fell flat on her back,
And I thought she'd not rise in a hurry,
Then I laugh'd to see how she sprawl'd on the floor,
When I saw her kick up both her heels,
But Russia and Turkey bounce d in at the door,
And with England were dancing Scotch reels,
Well, I thought I had got all her steps to a charm,
Now, while sleeping I cry'd out,—I've got 'em,
And I gave my poor wife such a thump on the arm,
That she wal'd me by lepp'ing my bottom,